

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Grateful Dandelion By DADDY CHAPTER III THE HUNGRY AUNT

PEGGY and Billy were glad to see the monster bumble bee go tumbling out of the dandelion. They were half smothered hiding under the stems of the dandelion, and would have been wholly smothered had the bumble bee held them much longer.

"What was it that tickled you?" asked the worm in his hissing whisper. "That's the funny part of it," giggled the bee. "I didn't see anything in the dandelion flower, but something in the grass below. I am going back to tickle it again."

"Do go back," urged the worm. "If it is a pair of strange ant-like creatures that tickled your hind legs, I would not want them to finish you."

"The bumble bee quit buzzing when he heard that. Billy was thrashing around and kicking his legs, and he didn't want the bumble bee to come back and sting him, he made up his mind to scare the bee some more."

"The bumble bee heard that. He was a brave enough chap when it came to meeting creatures he knew, but he was a coward when it came to meeting strange things that wanted to eat him."

"There is the ant-like creature talking now," whispered the snake-like worm. "Go and get him. I haven't time," said the bumble bee. "I think I am wanted at home."

Saying that, the bumble bee freed himself from the tangled grass forest and was sailing away, roaring like an airplane. Peggy and Billy breathed much easier as they saw him buzz out of sight. But the old worm wasn't through yet.

"St-st-st!" he said. "Black ant! Black ant! Come to my aid!" Peggy and Billy saw a fierce-looking monster running swiftly through the tangled jungle. To their tiny eyes it seemed as large as a tiger. It was really only an ant.

"Black ant! Climb the dandelion stem, and throw out to me the strange creatures you find there," said the worm.

The ant began to climb the dandelion stem. Billy thought he would scare the ant and he had the bee. "Here comes a big ant," said Billy. "I'll eat him for my supper."

ANOTHER NEW CAPE OF BEIGE AND BRICK



By CORINNE LOWE Fashion comes near to being an island of capes. To catalogue these capes would be like trying to list the blades of grass in the back yard. There are just too many of them.

Let it be said right here, however, that those whose planning for country or seaside had best include one of the knitted wool capes. These have been worn all through the last week by people who are getting a precious sniff of sea breeze or country air. Often they are accented plaid, often they appear in check, and often still they are trimmed with Angora in contrast.

Above we are showing an entire costume of beige jersey combined with brick color jersey and embroidered in black.

wool-knit wraps that are being displayed in all of the better stores and shops? Skirt-length, they come in various combinations, a brown with a woody tan collar that will button up under the chin, or the flat on the shoulders. Then there is a peacock blue, with a white collar; so many different combinations that almost any choice you may have in your mind is to be found displayed. They make an ideal wrap for an evening at the shore when the sea breezes penetrate the sheer frocks, or for the motor ride when a coat is too heavy, but a wrap of some sort necessary. They are priced at \$10.

Just as there are girls and girls, so are there towels and towels. And a heavy towel for a vigorous rub-down after the cold shower in the morning is a thing desired but not always to be had. There was a time when heavy bath towels were rather expensive, and necessity prompted the purchase of inferior ones. I passed a shop today where splendid heavy Turkish towels are being sold for fifty cents apiece; quite a bargain, don't you think?

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or These Walnut or Main 3000.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE A Question of Values By CAROL FARMER

Alice swayed unsteadily with every movement of the elevated train, too weary even to try to protect herself from the jolts caused by the proximity of her fellow sufferers. Despite her pallor and evident exhaustion, her face shone flower-like above her shabby furs.

"Tired, Alice?" His companion clumsily tried to steady her as she was almost swept off her feet between the human maelstrom, their fighting to get off and those getting on, like two mighty streams, each determined to have the right of way. His hands were stained with labor which no amount of scrubbing would remove, but the glance which he bent upon the girl held the same look of adoration which is seen in a dumb animal's eyes for its beloved master.

than ever he seemed to typify all the things she hated with every fiber of her being; all the sordidness which so far had made up her life.

All about her was the same apathy; the self-evident signs of a struggle for a roof over one's head and enough to cover one's nakedness of body if not of spirit. She tried to bring her hard-won philosophy into play.

She had her health and Jo, and a momentary pang of compunction smote her. In all the world he was the only one who really cared anything about her. To all the bustling, pushing throng she was nothing but a mere atom; the world only cared for success.

In the deep recesses of her soul she knew that in marrying Jo she was not being true to her higher self. She knew it would mean the end of all her striving for some of the beauty and joy of life. No matter how hard she tried she could never take him upward and onward with her; she would have to come down to his level. While he secretly admired her and stood in awe of her "notions," as he called them, they were entirely beyond his comprehension.

When she allowed herself to think, Alice despised herself for giving up the struggle so ignobly. But she was so tired of the eternal loneliness, the terrifying abnormal loneliness of her cheerless room, with its misty dampness and single gas jet, of the bargain basement, with its tight-skirted, gum-chewing, rouged prisoners, with whom she felt

so inadequate to cope. And Jo seemed to offer her the only escape, her only surcease. Dull, plodding, yet he could give her physical companionship, a home letter that she could win for herself, and mitigate the ever-present specter of the wolf on her horizon.

But her dreams; they could never be anything else but dreams, and she would have to dream alone. So they went to be married the next day. Suddenly she looked down straight into the eyes of a woman who was the very essence of all her vision. Svetla, beautifully gowned, with the pride of race in every line, she looked as out of place in that throng as a lily in a potato patch. And as their eyes clung for one long moment Alice envied with an envy that was as poignant as a knife in an open wound.

Lella had dropped breathlessly into a seat, her pulses tingling with a new excitement, rather childishly proud of the fact that she, among all that awful thrush, had secured a seat. Not that she was tired, for she had been at a matinee all afternoon and as usual had stepped directly into her luxurious limousine, waiting for her at the close of the performance. But midway the car had broken down and she had taken a sudden fancy to go home on the cars.

The experience of this hour was a unique one, something beyond her ken. What lay behind all this struggle for a seat, even for a foothold, meant nothing to her. She could not even sense

the crushing weariness of the tired-eyed women and perishing men. For Lella had had ease and beauty and luxury all her life and she had married for more ease and luxury. But she had had her dreams, too—such wonderful dreams of a gallant lover, a tender comrade and laughing little children—a life above the selfish, indolent life a worldly mother had forced on her. And she, too, had had to give up her dreams; had watched them drift away day by day like little errant silver clouds overpowered by gold and might.

For instead of a gallant lover she had married a power; instead of a comrade, a money-making machine; and instead of encircling little arms and childish prattle there was a big house whose rooms seemed filled with a haunting quiet that thrilled her soul.

She watched hungrily the tender no-nonsense of the man for the pretty girl who stood before her, and her mind painted glowing pictures of their future together. Oh, to be once again at the threshold of youth and love, out of her golden prison, free to choose and dream again, even as this girl.

And as the car rounded a curve and Alice's slim body was shielded by the protective embrace of the man by her side, Lella envied with an envy that was more bitter than gall and worm-wood.

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